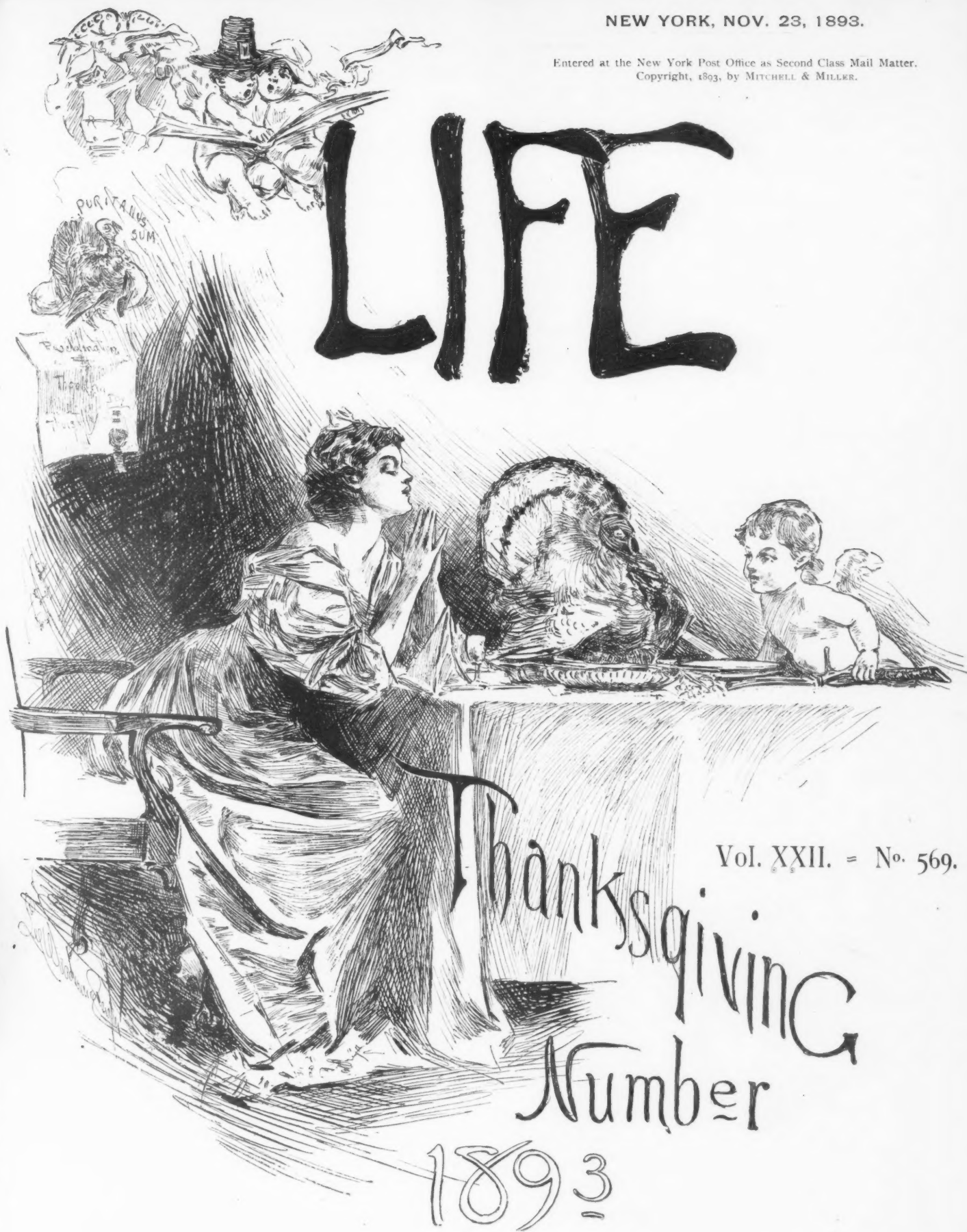


NEW YORK, NOV. 23, 1893.

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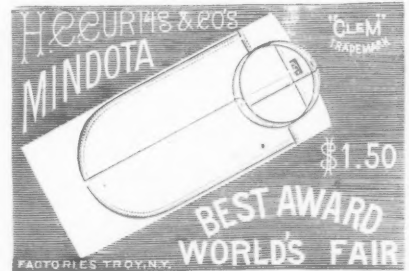
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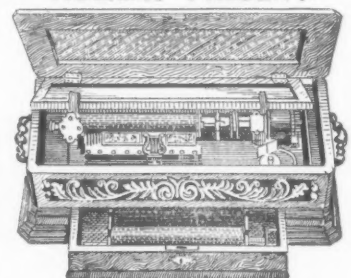
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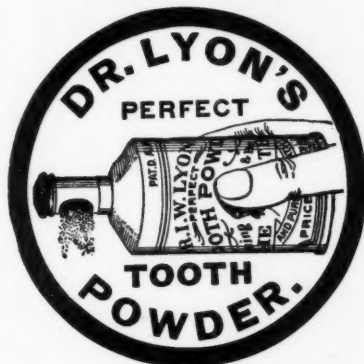
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SECOND NURSE GIRL: Yes.
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SMALL BOY: Papa, is it correct to say a widow lady?

PAPA: Well, I never heard of a widow gentleman.
—*New York Journal.*

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Alas! He



has become more horse.

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DESIGNS BY HOWARD PYLE. January and May. A song without words. Music by Gilchrist.

Price 25 Cents. Prospectus for 1894 will be found in the Christmas Number. **\$3.00 a Year.**

A Serial by GEO. W. CABLE will begin in the January number.

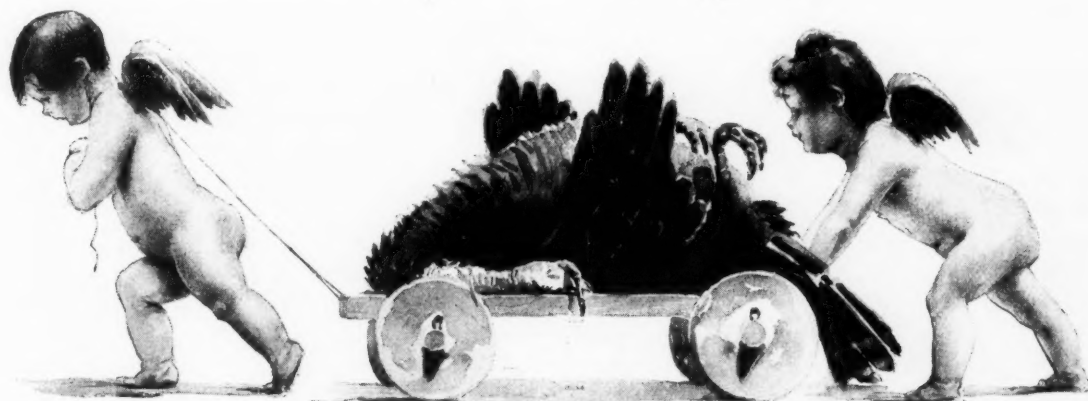
Charles Scribner's Sons,

New York

VOLUME XXII.

LIFE.

NUMBER 569.



Angela



WELL, ladies and gentlemen, here I am again, right in your midst. The un-failing regularity and promptness with which I accept your annual invitation to dinner, shows that I am anxious to make myself felt in the best circles of society. On the other hand, the regularity of

your invitation shows that you are even more anxious to have me with you than I to be there. I have never attended a dinner without being in the party as well as of it. And it is especially gratifying to me to know that I get so close to your hearts. And to me is granted a privilege which I know every man among you envies—to touch the lips of every beauty present. Furthermore, I know that this feast without me would be like "Hamlet" with the *Hamlet* left out. Knowing these things as I do, it is a wonder that I am not stuffed with pride, although, like many a dinner guest, I may be stuffed with chestnuts. In conclusion I will only express the sincere wish that I shall never disagree with any of you.



THANKSGIVING EVE.

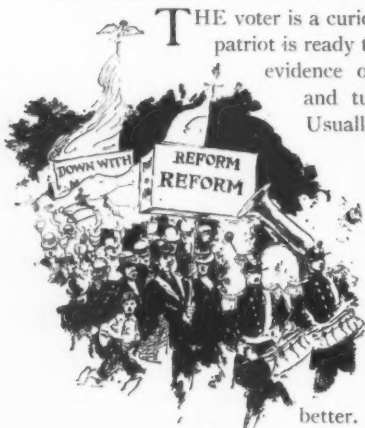
ONLY A DREAM.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXII. NOVEMBER 23, 1893. No. 569.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE voter is a curious person. Just when the patriot is ready to despair of him he gives evidence of unexpected intelligence, and turns things upside down. Usually when the spasm is on him he overdoes his job, but that only illustrates his impressionable nature.

LIFE is proud for the moment of the voter in the State of New York. All that it hoped he might do he has done, and he put some surplus effort into the business that was all the better. There was work in

Queens County that cried out to him to be done, and he did it thoroughly. There was work for him in Erie County, and he made a finished job of that. Judge Maynard's case was submitted to him, and his ruling upon that is likely to be final. He condemned fraud everywhere. Boss rule in the Empire State had grown flagrant and he sat down on it with all his weight.

So in Chicago the voter did himself great credit by re-electing Judge Gary. In Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio he seems to have voted for high protection. That was one of his little vagaries, due probably to the circumstance that his stomach was empty. He will have three years to meditate upon the tariff, which in the meantime will be carefully tinkered. Then if he wants to meddle with it again he will have a chance to do so, and he will know better than he can at present what he is about.

IT seems, by the way, to be the favorite mission of the contemporary novelist to bring it home to his coeval fellow that if he really expects to do or be anything of true consequence in the world, he must use a timely prudence in selecting his grand-parents. That is the string that M. Zola has been harping on so long, and with such a huge scatterment of rosin; that is what Bourget declares in "Cosmopolis," and what Sarah Grand suggests, among other things, in her "Heavenly Twins." Of course, to people who are con-

scious of rotten streaks in their blood, the doctrine of heredity has its discouraging side. But while the doctrine is vulnerable enough to encourage such people to disprove it, the truth that is in it is much too important to be ignored. Heredity or no heredity we cannot hang ourselves or drown our children. But forewarned should be forearmed. If we know which way the wind is blowing, and what courses our small craft are making, and where the rocks lie, it must go ill with us, as mariners or pilots, if we cannot bring our vessels to port. To recognize hereditary tendencies is to have the rocks buoyed, and though that may not help matters much in a hurricane, under any sort of decent conditions, it ought to give navigators a reasonably fair chance.



IT is a refreshment to the spirit to contemplate now and then the career of such a truly successful man as Francis Parkman. Here was a man who found out very early in life what his task was to be, and spent a clear half-century in its accomplishment. Much hampered by ill health and for a time by blindness, and distressed by his share of griefs, he seemed to escape all those hindrances which come from infirmity of purpose. There were delays in his work, some of them seriously protracted, but the intellectual light in him never flickered, nor was there any vacillation in his fidelity to the labor of his choice. To an observer who only knows of him what everyone may know, Mr. Parkman's serene persistence seems no less admirable than his talent. He had the discrimination to choose to do things that were worth doing, and then the patience to bring them as near to perfection as it lay in him to attain. The particular field of history that he entered upon he left a finished subject. When the door of his vocation was closed to him for a time he took up an avocation which he cultivated with such results that he may fairly be said to have crowned his Clío with a garland of roses.

So long as the world abounds with clever people who spend half their lives trying to outlive the follies and false-starts of the other half, the contemplation of such a career as Mr. Parkman's is bound to be restful to the observer's soul. It should be added, though, that the man who aspires to follow a high, intellectual purpose through a long life, starts with an enviable advantage if he has, as Mr. Parkman had, a line of New England Brahmins, mostly clergymen, at his back.

ONCE more Mr. Cleveland has given evidence of his courage and his ability to find the kernel of truth in the affair for his decision. His course in the Hawaiian affair is not the popular one, but it is right.



Elderly Suitor (sarcastically): HOW DOES YOUR KINDERGARTEN GET ON, MISS BLACK?
Miss Black (sweetly): WELL, IT IS BETTER THAN RUNNING AN OLD MAN'S HOME.

A CHANCE TO LAUGH.

IT is pleasant to feel that the vivisector has a sense of humor. The following extracts from a published report of one of these "scientists" will doubtless prove very amusing to the readers of LIFE:

"These mutilated animals, no longer able to scratch themselves, twist about in the most ludicrous attitudes, without gaining their object. A few of the dogs had attacks of madness after the operation, and these died in a few days."

The same professor speaks, on another page, of "pincers put on the toes and other parts of the blind and mutilated dogs."

This is certainly very funny. We should say, at a rough guess, there was nothing like the cutting and tearing of live animals to develop the best traits in a man's character, to say nothing of polishing his sense of humor.

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

SHE: Gracious! What's the matter with Charley Cilley? Look at his face and clothes!

HE: Oh, nothing. Only he sat on the Harvard side and cheered for Yale.

THE NEW RITUAL.

SHE: So you think "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," a petition too hard for humanity.

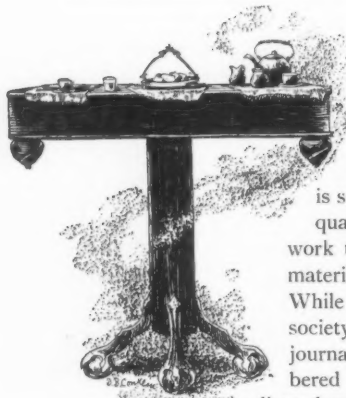
HE: Yes. It should be "Forgive us our debts as we forgive ourselves for owing others."

SINCE the recent marriage of the Marquis of Queensbury prize-fighting circles have been much disturbed over a rumor that his wife has made a new set of rules for him.



A PAINFUL THANKSGIVING.

HOW A REVENGEFUL TURKEY ACHIEVED HIS PURPOSE.



AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

HERE is no truth it seems in the rumor that Mr. Ward McAllister is to edit a society paper. This gentleman is so richly endowed with just the qualities required for that class of work that it seems a waste of good material to have it unemployed. While it is generally known that the society reporter is the lowest form of journalistic life, it must be remembered that the labors of the society editor demand a higher order of intelligence. Whereas the society reporter need only accept a few cigars and glasses of wine and repeat the same old names week after week, the society editor must receive this precious matter, read the whole of it over, and then give it to the printer. The chief requisite, perhaps, is a very strong stomach. No person with a tendency to nausea should aspire to eminence in this field.

AUTUMNAL HUES.

THERE was an undergrad. of Yale,
And he was void of fears ;
He rushed into a football game
And scraped off both his ears.

And when he found his ears were off,
His grief was passing great ;
He threw him down upon the grass
And loud bewailed his fate.

" It is not that my ears are gone,
Though shapely they and pink,
And 'tis not fear how I shall look,
That makes my heart to sink.

My family dates from Plymouth Rock,
My lineage is true ;
And till this sad experience
I thought my blood was blue.

But now, while over all the field
Yale's glory fills the air,
My cruel fate decrees, alas,
That I must crimson wear."

J. A. Loring.

TIME'S TRANSFORMATION.

"WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!"
Was written of an oak,
But—it's a chestnut, now.

WHOSE BABY?

"SLEEP?" echoed the portly gentleman, to a question the man in the next seat had put to him, "Sleep? I sleep all night, like a baby."

"Whose baby?" queried a nervous, harassed-looking fellow, with a strange glitter in his eyes. "Whose baby, I say?" he repeated in harsh, grating



AFFECTED BY THE SEASON.

Si Hosack: HOW BROWN AN' YALLER THE SUN IS SETTIN' TO-DAY.

Liz Francis: YES; IT LOOKS FOR ALL TH' WORLD LIKE ONE OF MOTHER'S PUNKIN PIES!

tones, that alarmed every passenger in the car, for they did not know he had been a parent only a year.

LIFE cannot but deplore the temerity of Mr. Richard Harding Davis in rashly seeking a duel. In case the challenged party should choose pistols, the size of Mr. Davis's head would put him at a decided disadvantage as a target.

WHEN a burglar asks the conundrum: "Where's your money?" it is generally the wisest plan to give it up.



"THOU CANST NOT SAY I DID IT; NEVER SHAKE THY GORY LOCKS AT ME."—*Shakespeare: Macbeth, Act III., Sc. 4.*



OUR COOKING CLASS TRIES ITS HAND AT THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

JORKINS: Look at those three Fifth Avenue stage horses over there. I wonder what they are so excited about.
 PERKINS: They are collaborating in an attempt to cast a shadow.

D ELL: I haven't seen that man we just met for fifteen years.
 BELL: That's nothing. I met a man to-day I never saw before in my life.



"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

CHARACTERS FROM THE HOUSEHOLD
OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

NEVIL BEAUCHAMP, . { Commander R. N. and
 a Radical.
ADRIAN HARLEY, . { A Wise Youth and a
 cynic.
DIANA WARWICK, . { Of The Crossways, Surrey.
TOM REDWORTH, . { An English gentleman,
 engaged to Diana.

SCENE: *The ridge of Box Hill in Surrey from which spreads a wonderful view. The spires of Dorking in the middle distance; on the right a great rise of wooded hills, dotted with country places, with a glimpse of the village of Guilford. The hills and valleys are flooded with the sunshine of a perfect June day. Diana and Redworth are seated on a rustic bench near the winding pathway along which pass and repass groups on their way to the summit of Box Hill.*

DIANA: After all my storms and shipwreck, Tom, you have towed the derelict into this bay of green and peaceful hills.

REDWORTH (*pointing across the valley*): And there, in the clump of trees near Guilford, is The Crossways—your safe anchorage always.

DIANA: And I shall never slip the anchor—never again without you as pilot. The world is a great sea, beautiful and tempestuous—and, oh so cruel to a woman alone! (*looking in his eyes*). I am glad that you are so strong a man, and that you love me.

REDWORTH: All the years that I have waited for you are a little day, and an hour like this is a lifetime.

DIANA (*smiling*): And this is my quiet, prosaic Tom, who never spoke a word of love to me in all these years, but always fought my battles!

REDWORTH: If you are glad that I have been persistent in loving you, Diana, you must thank that kindly man in grey homespun who sits in his little chalet on the hillside yonder, and writes great books.

DIANA: So it is Mr. Meredith who has been making my everyday Tom a poet,—and not love at all? We women always find that a man is the inspiration of those best things which we flatter ourselves that we have inspired.

REDWORTH (*solemnly*): Since the night of that ball in Dublin when I first saw "the flashing arrows in your eyes" I have had but one inspiration—the love of you. But one day when I was in despair about your loving Dacier and was walking gloomily across the downs I met Meredith at the crossing of a hedge. He caught the trouble in my eyes, and we sat down on the top step of the stile to talk it out. "My boy," he said when he had heard it all, "no one

can love as you love without eternal profit to your soul—whether in the end you win her or not. It is the strength of Nature in you creating an ideal which has given and will always give a unity and stability to your work. I never see a man successful in the right way (not by luck or selfishness)—a man who is doing strenuously the best that Nature has put in him to do—that I do not begin to look for the *one idea* which is the inspiration of it. I have watched your life and work here and in London for ten years—your steady, persistent development—and have often wondered what the main-spring was. Now I *know* it! Go on, go on, and the very laws of Nature, which are the laws of God,



"AND THERE, IN THE CLUMP OF TREES NEAR GUILFORD, IS THE CROSSWAYS."

will fight for you!" Then he strode across the downs, his grey eyes filled with that soft light which Nature gives to those who love her.

DIANA (*reflecting*): He met my Tom a despairing lover and left him a brave man! Mr. Meredith is always putting heart and hope into thoughtful men and women everywhere. What a lovely afternoon his life is having—belated fame come home at last, the admiration of intellectual people, the love of friends.

REDWORTH (*pointing down the pathway*): There are two of his friends now—as different as men can be; both well-born—the one an enthusiast, a reformer, a radical; the other *blasé* and a cynic. Yet if you go deep enough (as Meredith no doubt has) you will find a com-

mon substratum which makes them congenial—the cynic and the reformer both love humanity. The cynic jeers at one side of it—its frailties; the reformer lauds another side of it—its common virtues. Each in his own heart loves that middle ground where frailties and virtues mingle—and *that* is ordinary human nature.

(*Enter BEAUCHAMP and ADRIAN.*)

BEAUCHAMP (*greeting DIANA and REDWORTH*): At the foot of the hill we passed Meredith standing by his box-wood hedge. He waved a hand and called out to us, "Follow that path up the hill and you'll find Happiness; a little while ago I saw two lovers go by, hand in hand." (*DIANA looks consciously at REDWORTH*). And Adrian jeers back at him, "No happiness ever came from following Love. This is the hill of Purgatory." "With Dante's Beatrice at the top" called Meredith. "Rather a Siren whistling from a rock," ungallantly

jibed Adrian; and so we passed out of hearing with our game of "Shuttlecock."

DIANA (*to ADRIAN*): Still playing at cynic, O Wise Youth, while the rest of the world moves on to happiness.

ADRIAN (*to DIANA*): For you "the rest of the world" is simply Redworth.

DIANA (*bowing*): If you could see "the rest of the world" in one woman that I know you would cease being a cynic. You know Mr. Meredith says of you, "Adrian only sees one part of the world, and that not the best part."

ADRIAN: Meredith is a howling optimist. He sits on the hillside in his chalet and blows gorgeous bubbles which mirror this lovely valley; and he calls them the world, because



"THAT KINDLY MAN IN GREY HOMESPUN WHO SITS IN THE LITTLE CHALET YONDER, AND WRITES GREAT BOOKS."

they are round, and beautiful, and shot with rainbows.

DIANA (*pointedly*): But Adrian is a jeering pessimist. He sits in his tower at Raynham Abbey, shuts out all the light, turns his eye inward on the memories of his youth, and says: "This is the world. It is full of high hopes which lead to nothing; of false women and designing men; of the dreams of a man of intellect that never produce action. All this is the world, and I'll laugh at it." Oh Wise Youth, how much you could learn from Meredith!

BEAUCHAMP (*catching the last sentence*): Learn from Meredith! He has been my University. I never knew what it was to have any interests outside of my own people and class until I read him and talked with him. Men of letters are always praising his epigrams, his fancy, his imagination. They miss his greatness entirely. Meredith is great because he has put the very Spirit of Liberty in his



"ONE DAY WHEN I WAS IN DESPAIR."

creations. It is not Radicalism, or Socialism, or Liberalism; it is the *attitude of mind* which is back of these and all other movements toward a broader life for all men. It is *individualism*.

DIANA: His first rule of freedom is to break the shackles which other men have forged for you.

ADRIAN: And then he puts on you a pair of his own particular kind of shackles; I know the trick of the real philosopher. He prates of freedom—which means liberty to make other people think as he himself does. That is the basis of all intellectual tyranny.

BEAUCHAMP: Meredith has no shackles. He says to every man: "Fall back on Nature for guidance—not landscapes and the mountains which are the Wordsworthian panacea—but your own nature in right conditions."

ADRIAN: To what awful depths it leads some men!

BEAUCHAMP: Because they and their fathers have been bound hand and foot for generations, and Nature has been distorted. For all these there is but one remedy—restore the conditions of Nature, freedom to work at what is congenial, freedom to live in God's pure air, freedom to know your fellowman on equal terms! If that is socialism, I am a socialist

and so is Meredith. We are better called simply humanitarians.

ADRIAN (*to DIANA*): We must divert Beauchamp or we'll be getting a flood of his campaign speeches on us. (*To BEAUCHAMP*) I'll follow you in your admiration for Meredith on another tack. His epigrams charm me. He is one of the few contemporary writers of fiction who presuppose that their readers are beings of independent intelligence. His epigrams are flints which will only strike fire against steel.

DIANA: To me the finest thing in his work is his knowledge of a woman's heart. Other novelists, even great ones, have made their women either delicate creatures of sentiment, or woolly-minded men in petticoats. It has been beyond them to picture sentiment and strength united in a charming woman. But Mr. Meredith has raised the standard of womanhood in fiction by women like Rosamund, Lucy, Rhoda Fleming, Vittoria, Jenny Denham, and my dearest Emmy.

ADRIAN: Wise Meredith! He flatters your sex and you love him, and read his books.

REDWORTH (*quietly*): You have all had your say about him, and have missed his best



"COME DEAR, THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN HAS FALLEN ON THE CROSSWAYS."

achievement. Every one of his books teaches that the true social unit is not a strong man alone, or an acute woman alone—but a man and a woman who love each other with all their hearts. That is Nature's greatest lesson. And all the barriers which caste, or prejudice, or creed place between loving hearts are the foes of progress. Break them down, Beauchamp; break them down, Adrian! It isn't optimism, or pessimism, or individualism which rules the world. It is Love!

ADRIAN (*bowing to DIANA and REDWORTH*): I salute the Social Unit, and continue my way alone up the mountain of Purgatory. (*Starts up the pathway.*)

BEAUCHAMP: And I follow and hope to find Beatrice at the summit. (*Exit.*)

DIANA (*calling after*): Her name is Jenny Denham, and I hope you'll find her.

REDWORTH: Come, dear, the shadow of the mountain has fallen on The Crossways, and we have a long walk along the valley before sunset.

(*They go down the ridge of Box Hill.*)

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

KING'S HANDBOOK OF NEW YORK CITY. Illustrated. Edited and published by Moses P. King, Boston.

To Gipsyland. By Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Company.

Balcony Stories. By Grace King. New York: The Century Company.

The Great Remembrance and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Company.

Walter Camp's Book of College Sports. By Walter Camp. New York: The Century Company.

Sweet Bells Out of Tune. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. New York: The Century Company.

Two Bits of a Cherry and Other Tales. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Miss Stuart's Legacy. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Marking the Boundary. By E. E. Billings. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

Stories of the Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Glimpses of the World's Fair. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

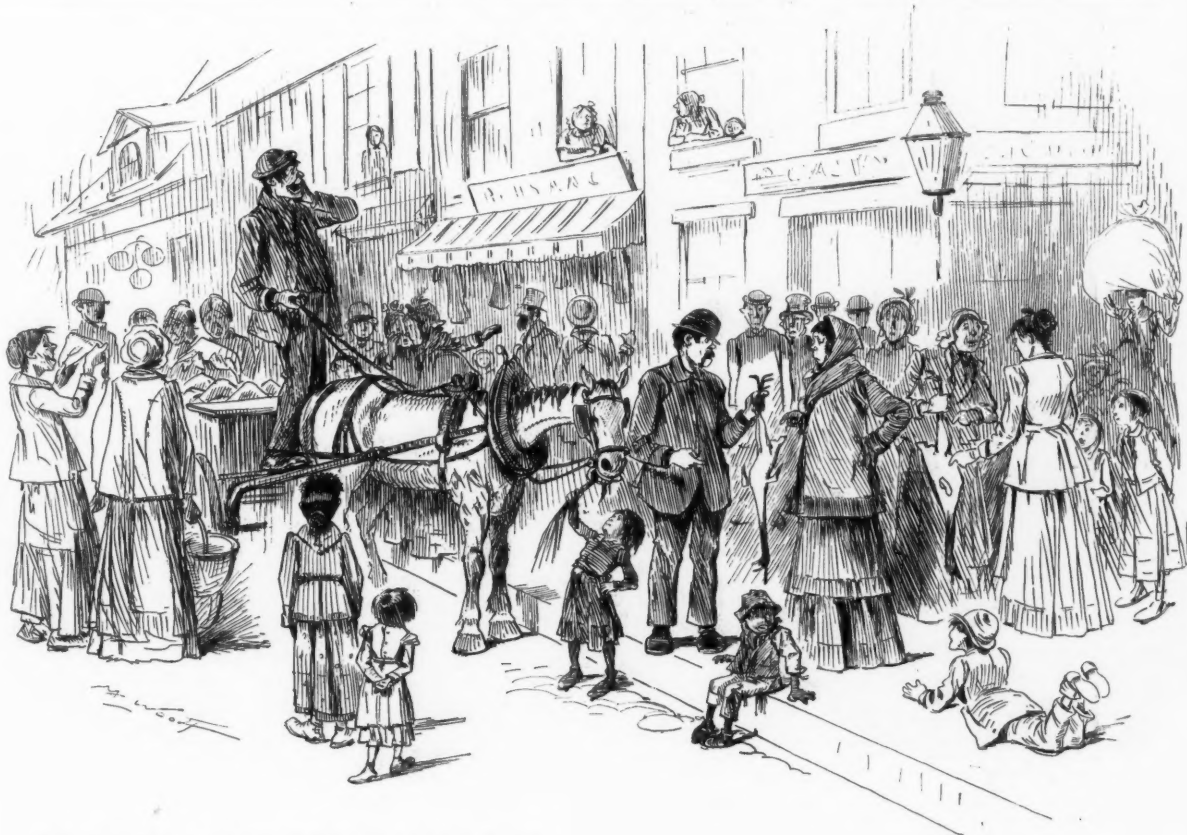
The Cloud on the Heart. By A. S. Roe. New York: G. W. Dillingham.



A DISAGREEABLE TERM.

Pastorals of France. Renunciations. By Frederick Wedmore. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

My Little Love. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Dillingham.



Mrs. O'Hagan: I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS AV THE B-I-R-D.

Vender (*with suppressed anger*): ARE YER A BUYIN' IT FOR ITS LOOKS OR ITS FLAVOR? (*Ironically.*) IF I'D A KNOWED YOU'D A WANTED A POOTY BIRD I'D A FILLED ME WAGON WID BIRDS O' PARADISE!



F.T. RICHARDS.

A THANKSGIVING EFFORT IN THE



FOOT IN THE EARLY DAYS.



APRIL WEATHER.

JUST why Mr. Sol Smith Russell had Boucicault's "Tale of a Coat" altered over into "April Weather" it is difficult to understand. It may have been that he was satisfied with the main motive of the piece as it was, but thought that for financial results it would better be remodelled. He may have thought that he would appeal more strongly to a certain class of theatre-goers if he introduced more of the "society" element, or that this feature would provide a stronger contrast to his own work. If so, he seems to have made a mistake. "April Weather" is not a better play as a whole and it gives his own abilities and peculiarities no better display.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's name has lately become prominent in stage affairs, and it was naturally to be expected that he would not be engaged to re-write the play unless the result was to be an improvement on the work of



his predecessor. This it is not, either for the public or the actor. There is nothing novel in plot, situation or dialogue. The entire burden is cast on Mr. Russell's shoulders. The principal additions are a scene, with two children, in which a game organized by the children and involving the participation of the grotesque hero, is made to play upon his conscience, and another between a remarkable servant of the "slavery" type and her tough young lover. The first is forced and neither funny nor pathetic. The other serves

only to show that there are certainly some kinds of characters which Mr. Fitch can not draw. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the play is an idyllic one containing nothing that is offensive, and dealing only with the better emotions of human nature.

Mr. Russell's part, *Raphael Reed*, is similar to others in which we have seen him—the awkward, simple, somewhat shrewd, young man of kind heart, strict integrity and considerable heroism, the hardest kind of heroism, that of self-sacrifice. In this play his self-sacrifice gains him no other reward than the approval of his own conscience, thus bringing the piece to a rather unsatisfactory conclusion.

* * *

ALTHOUGH "Becket" is far from being a dramatic production of the very first order, it is a sufficient foundation for Mr. Irving to work on, and he produces some very impressive results. The play as he gives it is a scholarly work. The setting of the piece, the costumes and stage effects, are in refreshing contrast to the slipshod methods so familiar to the American theatre-goer. Mr. Irving's sincerity and hearty appreciation of the archbishop's character do much toward the success of the play, although it is an uphill struggle to throw dramatic interest about that well intentioned but somewhat obstinate and tactless personage.

Miss Terry has, in this play, little opportunity for the display of those delightful qualities which make her such a tremendous favorite on both sides of the ocean.

* * *

THE programme of the first concert of the New York Symphony, which was of great interest, began with the Brahms's C minor symphony, and included the Romeo and Juliette overture of Tchaikowsky, a pastorale by Boccherini and Scherzo from quartette in C flat by Clementini, both of which were beautifully rendered by the strings. The most interesting feature of the evening



A PLAY ON WORDS.



IDOLS OF THE HOUR.

was the re-appearance of Madame Materna and her magnificent rendering of the finale from Tristan and Isolde. The orchestra were in fine form. It is to be hoped the remainder of Mr. Damrosch's programmes will prove as rich and varied.

LOVE'S FIRE.

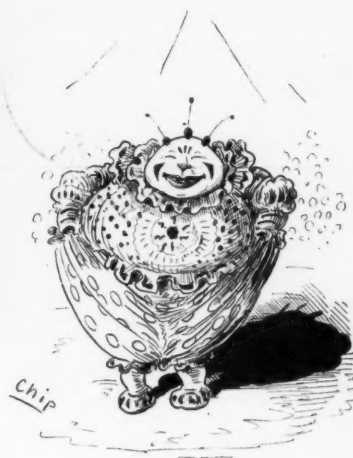
WHAT a glowing fire
Young Love kindles
With the fuel
Of desire!
When 'tis fairly started
How he tends it!
When it dwindles
How at first he mends it!

Is he tender-hearted?
Nay, he's cruel:
For at last
When the novelty is past,
Weary grown
Of the dying embers,
He no more remembers
That the fire was once his own.

Lets the flashes
Fade in ashes
Gray and cold!
Young Love soon grows old—
And that ends it.
Nathan Haskell Dole.

A PRACTICAL TRAGEDIAN.

BOUTTOWN: Adopted the stage as a profession, have you? How are you doing?
SONOROUS EARSPLITTER (*tragedian*): First rate. Making money.
"Wha—?"
"Fact. You see my brother and I are in partnership."
"What good does that do?"
"He sells eggs and I act."



A BROAD COMIC.



THE SAD TRUTH.

THE fellow who said he was dying
For some one to love him was wrong.
No one ever dies of diseases
That find their expression in song.

They live on through ages and ages,
Both giving and suffering pain,
And when we are thinking we've lost them,
They rise up with another refrain. —*Memphis Scimitar.*

"WELL, old fellow, I hear that your grandmother is dead."
"Yes, she died yesterday," replied the old fellow, somewhat sadly.
"It is the way of the world. We must all die sometime, and the old lady was well advanced in years. She left a last will and testament, of course? I have understood she was wealthy."
"Oh, yes, she left a will and testament," still more sadly.
"You were always a favorite of hers. Your name was mentioned, of course?"
"Yes," he replied, and the tears began to stream down his cheeks, "my name was mentioned. I'm to have the Testament." —*Exchange.*

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SHE (formerly of Beacon Hill): My dear husband, lay aside your Western fidgetiness and be composed. It is bad form to be so demonstrative. The odor you detect is caused by the cook burning some rags.

Ten minutes later.

HE: Priscilla, permit me to ask, with true Boston composure, was it a rat or only a mouse that disappeared under your skirts a moment ago?

SHE (wildly): ! ! ! ? ! ! !—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

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"Fine."

"Do you get much variety in your table?"

"Indeed we do. Why, we've had a new cook every week since we went there."—Harper's Bazar.

A MAN is very much like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapped.—Siftings.

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PAPA: They were some other fellow's tents.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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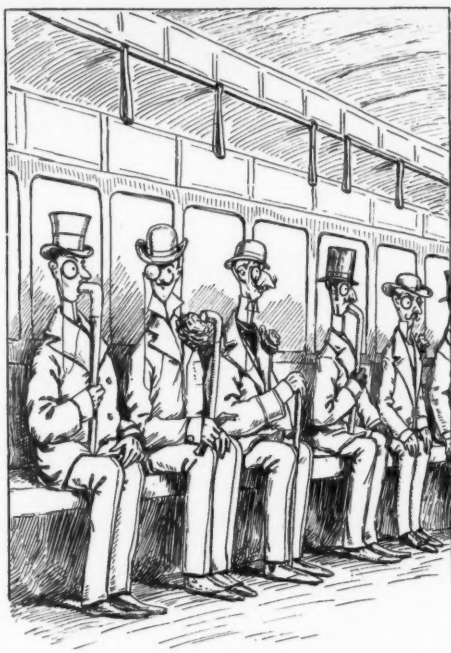


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"THERE'S wan't'ing," said Mr. Dolan, reflectively, as he glanced at a laundry sign, "that Oi must risk the Choinase fur."

"Phwat's that?" asked his companion.

"Fur learnin' to spake their own language."—*Washington Star.*



"WELL, JIM, SO THE CHINESE HAS TO GO AFTER ALL!"

"AND I'M VERY GLAD OF IT. THERE'S EVERYTHINK AGIN 'EM. THEY AIN'T SOCIABLE. THEY WON'T FIGHT, STEAL, AN' THEY WON'T GET DRUNK. WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR, ANYHOW?"

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MRS. OFTWED: I know it; but my previous three husbands are dead, and I acquired the habit of referring to them as angel husbands, and I can't break myself all at once.—*Texas Siftings.*

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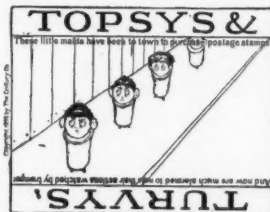
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SWELL OF THE PERIOD: Oh! Doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science.

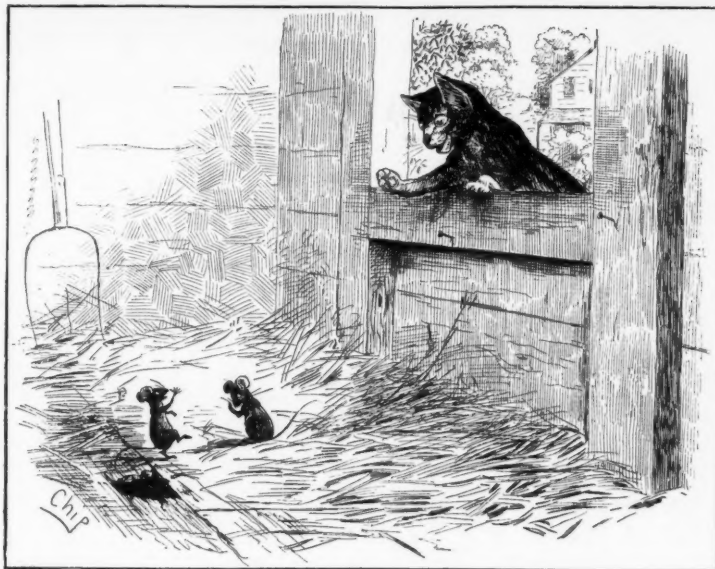
DOCTOR: Oh! that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same. — *Tägliche Rundschau*.

"I DON'T see why it takes Bertie so long to learn to talk," said the young mother anxiously.

"I spend hours every day trying to teach him. B'ess its 'ittle footsy tootsies! Doesn't muzzer dess do ever'sing she tan to det it to talky walky? Tum to its muzzer! Popsy wopsy doncy duckums! Widdlecome, bidlecome, fiddle-de-dee! Toze its pittty 'ittle eyes now and go s'eepey!" — *Chicago Tribune*.

A FOREIGN diplomat, conversing with the Hawaiian Queen on the subject of the mixed races in Hawaii, said:

"But your Majesty surely has no white blood in your veins?" "Indeed, I have white blood in my veins," said the Queen. "My grandfather ate Captain Cook." — *Exchange*.



"COME HERE, MY PRETTY DEARS."

"NO, THANK YOU. WE MAY BE SILLY, BUT WE DON'T INTEND TO LOSE OUR HEADS ENTIRELY."

sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never! never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said Judge Quinn, con- solingly; "you're going to be now." — *Argonaut*.

FIGG: I don't see Grimsby with that Lutestring girl lately. FOGG: No. When he spoke of marriage she frightened him off. She said in an impassioned manner, "Harry, I will be wholly yours—where thou goest I will go." And he says she meant it, too. When he came to think of the times he might want to have a little quiet game, or something of that sort, he felt that such devotion as hers might fall on him, and so he let the matter drop. — *Boston Transcript*.

SHE (some time after the honey- moon): You used to say that there was no one in the world like me.

HE: Yes, by George! and I am more convinced of that fact than ever. — *Boston Transcript*.

"HAVE you found religion yet, my friend?" the Rev. Sam Jones inquired of one of his hearers.

"No," was the reply. "What is your occupation, may I ask?"

"I am a detective." "H'm!" observed the great revivalist, "that accounts for it." — *Boston Courier*.

"JOHNNY," said the boy's father, "you should not interrupt me at the dinner table when I tell that story about when I was in the war. Even if it is a long story, and you have heard it before, filial respect requires that you be patient."

"Father," said the lad, after a minute of silence.

"What is it, my boy?" "Is 'filial respect' something like 'senatorial courtesy'?" — *Washington Star*.

A MAN who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought for sentence, some years ago, before Judge Quinn, who presided over a criminal court "down East." He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been

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